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SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

Life is a burden for every man shoulder,
Some may escape from its troubles and care;
Miss it in youth and 'twill come when we're older,
And fit us as close as the garments we wear.

Sorrow comes into our lives uninvited,
Robbing our hearts of their treasures of song;
Lovers grow cold and friendships are slighted,
Yet somehow or other we worry along.

Every-day toil is an every day blessing,
Though poverty's cottage and crust we may share;
Weak is the back on which burdens are pressing,
But stout is the heart that is strengthened by prayer.

Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter
Just when we mourn there were none to befriend;
Hope in the heart makes the burden seem lighter,
And somehow or other we get to the end.

The Charlington Hardness.

Helen Charlington was as white as the ermine cloak which she had wrapped about her head and face. Perhaps it was the night air that made her shiver; but she faced Doctor Warren Bolton with a determination which needed no words for its expression.

"But Helen——"

"Listen to me. If you cannot come to-night, do not come to me again anywhere. It is the end between us."

"Helen, Helen!"

Her eyes had not left his face.

"Are you going?" she said slowly.

For an instant he seemed to waver; but only for an instant.

"I am going, Helen," he said as slowly; "if you ever want me I will come back to you."

He doubted afterward if she had even heard the words, so quickly did she turn away from him. He caught the dazzle of the brilliantly lighted room which she entered, turned his face to the darkness and the cold again, and strode off where duty waited for him.

The Charlingtons were called "a hard family," not from any social shortcomings, but on account of their well-known obstinacy. Seth Charlington was one of the largest manufacturers in Riverford, and in the numerous strikes among its operatives, always held his own against them longer and more successively than any other mill-owner. He had discarded his only son for some slight disobedience. Rumor said that his wife, who had died when the boy was born, had gone gladly out of a home in which she had never known happiness. There was but one other child, a daughter, "the image of her father," every one agreed, and the impression prevailed in Riverford that she was exactly like him in disposition. A few who knew the facts asserted that she had taken her brother's part with such determination that both of them had been ordered to leave the house never to return to it; Helen being prevented from doing so only by the refusal of her brother to allow her to sacrifice herself to his interests. That Helen and her father were too much alike to agree was well known, though their lives ran in such different directions that they seldom clashed. Mr. Charlington's time was spent among the looms and spindles of his factory to which he would not wholly trust any overseer. His daughter was a social favorite. She enjoyed a life of singular freedom, and with abundance of money at her command, gathered about her in her father's house whatever friends she pleased to select. Mr. Charlington was glad to see any display which could be made with his money, although too busy in making more to take time for any comfort of his own.

Helen, after her engagement to Doctor Bolton, found herself for the first time in her life in a position where she was occasionally called upon for some self-sacrifice. For this her previous life had wholly unfitted her. Much as she loved Warren Bolton, the new relation between them had not existed six weeks before they had many stormy times and words. He was a popular young physician, with a large practice among the mill operatives, and Helen, though neither a jealous nor capricious woman; was exacting and unreasonable. She ignored the poverty and wretchedness of the world. That there was a good deal or it she knew in a vague, general sort of way; for Doctor Bolton, he was content to have it so. It would have been his first instinct to shield her from anything disagreeable or painful, had she needed such protection. But for himself he reserved the right of ministering to the afflicted, asking no help in his work, but submitting to no interference. His own comfort and convenience he was always ready to sacrifice to her, that of his patients, even the poorest among them—never! and slight as the causes of their quarrels had been, they involved a principle vital to both.

The old New England fashion of a Thanksgiving dinner had always been held in the Charlington family, and Helen's invited guests always made a gala day of what would have been in Seth Charlington's house a very sombre festival. On this particular occasion she had arranged a little different programme. The preceding summer Mr. Charlington had built a fine cottage on the bluffs by the seaside, five miles south of Riverford, and it was Helen's fancy to invite the guests, who at different times had sojourned there with her, to a Thanksgiving party by the side of the sea. Her father humored what he called one of her many unaccountable whims. The sleighing was fine, the weather perfect, and it would have been hard to find a merrier party than the one assembled at the ocean at that unaccustomed season. But Dr. Bolton was absent. Helen had not waited for him. She had received a note from him before they left the city, saying that business detained him, and he should, if possible, drive down to the cottage later in the day. She was terribly annoyed at the disappointment. She had always made Thanksgiving her greatest holiday of the year, and never before had anything occurred to mar its pleasure.

"Heartless and selfish where I am concerned," was the feeling with which she crushed in her hand the little note. It was surely too brief and curt to be loverlike, that was true, but Helen refused to consider under what painful pressure it was probably written.

The whole day passed without his appearance, every hour intensifying Helen's anger against him. It was nearly ten o'clock before he entered the house, pale and worn, and, without removing his overcoat, he made his way directly to Mr. Charlington. A few animated words passed between them, evidently disappointing the doctor, who, crossing the room to Helen, said hurriedly.

"Come this way one minute. I must go directly back to the city."

Her first impulse was to turn away from him. Her second to make him answer for what she considered nothing less than an insult. She followed him without a word to the front door, where he stepped outside so as not to be overheard; but one glance at her face made him realize the uselessness of words.

"You must trust me, Helen," he said, "until I can explain," but she would not listen making her own terms. And so they parted.

"If you ever want me, I will come to you." Over and over she heard the words, and hated herself for hearing them, as she moved, smiling and brilliant, among her guests. Her father was apparently at his ease, but she knew from the red spot on his forehead that something had disturbed him.

The Thanksgiving party was a great success. At precisely twelve o'clock the sleighs were brought to the door, and all returned to the city, separating for their several homes with many hearty congratulations to the host and hostess.

Mr. Charlington's face was still flushed. Even the drive in the snowy air had not lessened his color. Helen removed her wrappings, and sat down facing him.

"Doctor Bolton had some news for you, father. What was it?"

He glowed at her angrily.

"Nothing pleasant for you to hear, Helen."

"I have heard things before that were not pleasant," was the answer, "and I have a special reason for wanting to know."

"Doctor Bolton made a discovery in his visit to-day. Your brother Edgar is in Riverfork Hospital, brought there yesterday, he tells me, from New York."

At the mention of her brother's name Helen sprang to her feet.

"And you——" she gasped.

"I am in no way responsible. Edgar took his own course. I told him that if he left the house that night, he need never return to it. For once he obeyed me."

"Father, father! And you can be so cruel! It is Thanksgiving night."

"Did you forget that," he sneered, "when you sent Bolton away with almost the same words. I heard them—accidentally.

Appeal was useless, Helen knew. Without another word she left the room. At six o'clock that morning she was driven to the hospital, and shown to her brother's room. Doctor Bolton had spent the night there; but that very hour Edgar had passed beyond the need of any human friends. Helen stood rigid by her brother's bedside.

"He is to be brought to my father's house," she said, without looking toward the doctor, who waited silently, and without another word she passed him.

At the door she hesitated an instant, looking back at the living and the dead, the only two she had ever loved on earth. But Warren Bolton's face was hidden in his hands, and, crushing the impulse that had moved her, she made her way out into the street.

Her father was alone at the breakfast table.

"Edgar will be brought home to-day," she said, sharply. "You had your way with him when he was alive, I take mine now he is dead," and she passed on her solitary way up-stairs.

The paths of Helen Charlington and Warren Bolton never crossed each other. He heard of her often as a brilliant member of the society to which she pre-eminently belonged. She knew nothing of him, as his work and time were given to a class of the community with which she could have nothing in common.

Thanksgiving had never been observed in the family after the day spent at the seashore. Father and daughter passed it separately, and if it was an anniversary for either, it was never spoken of. It was four years afterward that Helen, a few days before the annual holiday, announced her intention of spending it at the seaside cottage. It was really a delightful month, a prolongation of the Indian summer, but Thanksgiving Day dawned as bleak and cheerless as the heart of the lonely woman by the sea. Toward noon a storm came up, the day wore away in a tempest, which lulled at nightfall. Helen, wrapped in her solitary musings, and watching the roll of the enormous breakers on the beach, was interrupted by her maid,

"One of the fishermen from the shore would like to speak to you, Miss Charlington."

He entered as she spoke, an old weather-beaten man, evidently in great distress.

"It's my boy," he explained, "hurt, my lady. They brought him ashore, and the Riverford doctor has come down to see him, but it's a bit of the brandy that's wanting, lady, and I thought may-be you would have it to give me."

As the maid left the room to get the needed supply, she asked, "Doctor Bolton?"

"Oh, yes, lady, the doctor who is so good to the poor fisher folks. He always comes when we need him, God bless him, though it's little of the money he gets from any of us."

The old man hurried away with the brandy. A few minutes later a servant was dispatched with an immense basket of provisions, and a note which ran:

"WARREN, you said if I ever wanted you, you would come to me. If there is less hardness in your heart than in our family blood, come and spend Thanksgiving evening with

"HELEN."

It was fully three hours later before Doctor Bolton stepped upon the cottage piazza. It was duty first then, as it had always been. But a woman met him at the door, eager, impetuous, radiant. With one look into his intense, loving eyes, she threw her arms about him.

"Take me back," she cried, "here, in the very spot where I was so cruel years ago. I have wanted you all the time, Warren."

And as he folded her close to his heart, he realized the love which could conquer the Charlington hardness, was a love worth waiting for, and to both it was indeed a Thanksgiving.

French Meat-Markets and Restaurants.

The restaurants, hotels, and pastrycooks, shops in Paris, are visited by a special set of inspectors, whose business it is to ascertain whether the kitchens are clean and the cooking utensils free from verdigris. The Grand Hotel and Cafe Anglais are amendable to this inspection equally with the meanest eating-houses of the suburbs; and if the inspectors discover any ground of complaint they visit the house day after till the owner mends his manners. Butchers, fishmongers poulterers and pork-butchers have also a set of inspectors specially appointed to watch over them, and many excellent laws exist in France for keeping the premises of these tradesmen in a healthy condition. Thus, the butcher's shops must have nothing wooden in their fixtures except the chopping-block. The floor must be covered with enamel tiles, and in place of shutters there must be iron bars, that fresh air may pour into the shop at all hours of the night. No slaughtering is allowed on the premises of butchers of pork, the giant slaughter-houses at La Villette being sufficient to meet the requirements of all Paris. Here the cattle and pigs are brought along the outer boulevards between ten o'clock at night and nine in the morning, so that there may be no passing of flocks and herds through the city in broad daylight; and all the delivery of meat must be effected before ten A. M., in carts having white cloths to cover the quarters of beef and mutton. Bad meat may be so chopped up with pepper, spices and garlic that all tell-tale flavor will be disguised; but the meat must be bad, for the pork butchers so undersell the butchers, that they would apparently have us believe that half a pound of veal and a similar quantity of ham can be mixed up with spices and sold as pie, for about three pence cheaper than a pound of plain veal! Let us pass lightly over this delusion. The inspectors can only do their best, and if they discover offal or tainted meat on a pork-butcher's premises they immediately report the man to the Tribunal de Simple Police, where he is scolded and fined; at the same time his shop will be watched for weeks, till perhaps on some dark night a lad will be discovered stealing in with a sackful of dead cats, dogs, and rats, all ready for consignment to those terrible steam mincing machines, which make chopped dog look like hashed beef for you in a trice.

Coming now to the pastry cooks, grocers, and bakers, the honest folks have to put up with a great deal of inspection, the grocers and bakers in connection with their weights, the pastry cooks because of the poisonous coloring matter which they sometimes put into their sweetmeats. Before the "liberty of baking" had been decreed, which was only about a dozen years ago, absurd raids used to be made upon bakers to see if they sold pastry, and pastry cooks were heavily fined if they sold bread. To this day the bakers form a corporation governed by rather peculiar laws, which compel them to sell common bread in two-pound or four-pound loaves according to the tariff, which never varies in best or worst wheat seasons. A "Caisse de la Boulangerie" indemnifies the bakers for the losses they may sustain in time of war or famine; and they repay the fund out of the profits they clear in years of plenty. Thus the gains of the trade lie wholly in the sale of fancy bread, which is not tariffed, and it was because the profits in this direction were so small that the state ended by reluctantly conceding the principle that no harm would be done if bakers took to baking cakes and tarts in their ovens. French pastry cooks enjoy the privlege of selling liquors, wines and beer without a special license, provided they retail it to customers who are eating on their premises; but the only ones who seem to make an extensive use of this faculty are the proprietors of two or three big Parisian houses patronized by the English. These sell a great deal of port and sherry. To conclude with the inspection of food, an admirable feature in connection with it is the perfect incorruptibility of the agents employed in this work. They are armed with very wide powers; they are poorly paid, and consequently exposed to many temptations; yet the cases in which they have been known to abuse their trust are so rare that they must be regarded as inevitable exceptions to a rule of entire blamelessness. In the halls where quantities of edibles—and notably fish—are condemned every day, the market women loathe the inspectors, but no one ever ventures to accuse these useful public servants of tampering with their duty, either for fear or favor.

Brought to Book.

A funny scene occurred at a recent city election in New England, which neither political party has appeared anxious to publish. Managers on both sides had a hand in it, with an axe or two to be ground. It was needful to work in some raw voting material freshly imported, but some of it couldn't read. To overcome this difficulty, and meet the constitutional reading test, a selected passage was agreed upon in advance, and drilled in to the applicant. Upon his appearance before the proper officer "to be made a voter," he promptly read (from memory) the sentence pointed out, and was accepted.

Among these candidates was a preternaturally stupid son of the Emerald Isle. In vain he tried to commit to memory the single line from the second amendment to the Constitution of the United States, "The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." A half hour of hard work left him still uncertain, though hopeful, of his ability to repeat the words. Time was up, and he was ushered into the presence of the keen-eyed guardian of the franchise. The preliminary questions were answered with a frankness and accuracy which left nothing to be desired. Then came the cruicial test.

"Can you read?"

"Oh, yis, to be sure."

"Well, read this."—pointing to the line before mentioned.

The Irishman took the book, gazed at it intently, turned it upside down, remarked incidentaliy that "radin' seemed to come hard this mornin'," scratched his head, looked around in vain for the cue from his "coach," and almost gave up in despair, but finally shouted:

"Be gorra, I have it. *Ivery man shall be allowed to carry a goon!*"

Mrs. Grumper on Baby Shows.

The other day a lady called on Mr. Grumper's wife, informing the latter person that she (the visitor) was on the committee for inviting babies to the prize baby show, soon to be given.

"No," said the old lady, "I can't do nothing for you, becoz, in the first place, I hain't got any baby to begin with, and in the second, I don't believe in baby shows."

"For reasons herinafter to be expressed," put in the old man, as he detected a significant glitter in his wife's eyes.

"Now," began Mrs. G., "there was that baby show in Milton, when me and Josiah lived there and Wilberforce was but a——tairteen months old, and a dear, sweet, uncomplainin' child."

"Ah, hum-m!" from Mr. Grumper.

"The neighbors said he was the finest boy that ever sucked paint off a red-colored rattle or cut teeth under disadvantgeous circumstances. He was such a nice, peaceful child, he was; never getting out of humor, allus good, seeming like he knew that yelling wouldn't help him through any quicker. The folks down there at Milton got up a baby show, and the first prize was a twenty-five dollar cradle, to be given to the finest baby exhibited inside of three days at the town hall. Josiah knows how I fixed Wilber up and combed his silky locks until the first day of the fair came, and how when it did come I took him over on an old wheelbarrow. I sigh to think of it—of the fair. When I got there they was about forty brats arranged along the wall in cradles, and in I wheeled, toting Wilber and wheelbarrow up along 'ginst the wall. I took him back and forward the whole three days, and at the end of the third day the time for prizes was at hand, and I was all of a tremole. There was five deacons on the judge's committee, and towards evening they all come down to where I was sitting with the wheelbarrow, coming to inspect my baby, I found. The first one grabbed him by the nose, and when the poor infant gasped, the big brute laughed and shuck his finger at the rest. Another one stepped up and says, 'Good woman we must test the physical qualifications of your child;' and then he lifted the poor child purty near out of the barrow by his ears. My blood begun to boil, when up came another sayin,' 'We must examine his phrenologistic capacities.' Then the son-of-a-easter-egg began rappin' his knuckles about the child's head, much to the amusement of the rest of the committee. I could stand it no more, so rushin' up to the skinny brute I gave him a smart lick in the right eye with one hand and punched his ribs with the other. I treated his associates to a similiar dose, and airing my opinions of their individual selves, I trundled the wheelbarrow out, invoking disaster to the whole concern. Since which time," the old lady mused, wiping the prespiration from her brow, "I hain't been to no prize baby shows."

"Thank heaven!" said Josiah.

"But what became of the other babies?" queried the committee lady, as she arose to go. "Who got the prize?"

"I ain't certain," said the lady, "but I heard they give it to the minister's brat—a yaller-mouthed, frecklefaced, red-headed little brat. Good day."

The Irish Earl's Stratagem.

The Castle of Mogeely, two miles from Tallow, was a principal seat of the Desmond family. At this castle resided Thomas, the great Earl of Desmond, who had a favorite steward that often took great liberties with his Lord, and, by his permission, tyrannized over the Earl's tenants equally with his master. This steward, unknown to the Earl, gave an invitation in his Lord's name to a great number of chiefs of Munster, with their followers, to come and spend a month at this castle. The invitation was accepted, and crowds of gentlemen flocked in, to the great surprise of Desmond, who began to be alarmed lest sufficient provisions should not be found for such a number of guests. They had not stayed many days when provisions in reality began to fail; and at last the Earl's domestics informed him that they could not furnish out a dinner for the next day. The Earl knew not what to do, for his pride could not brook to let his guests know anything of the matter; beside, his favorite steward, who used to help him in such difficulties, was absent. At length he thought of a stratagem to save his credit; and inviting all his company to hunt next morning, ordered his servants to set fire to the castle as soon as they were gone, and pretend it was done by accident. The Earl and his company hunted all the forenoon, and from the rising grounds he every moment expected with a heavy heart to see Mogeeley in flames. At length, about dinner time, to his great surprise, his favorite steward arrived, mounted upon a fresh horse. The Earl threatened him severely for being so long absent at such a juncture. The steward told him he had arrived just in time enough at the castle to prevent his orders from being executed; and further, that he had brought a large supply of corn and cattle sufficient to subsist him and his company for some months. This news not a little rejoiced the Earl, who returned with his guests to the Castle, where they found sufficient of every thing they wanted.

Bad Penmanship.

The first Napoleon had so little mastery over his pen that his letters from Germany to Josephine were at first sight taken for rough maps of the seat of war. John W. Brooks, the railroad manager, wrote to a man living on the Michigan Central route, threatening to prosecute him forthwith, unless he removed a barn he had run upon the Company's property. The recipient did not read the letter, for reading it was impossible; but he made out the signature, and arrived at the conclusion that the manager had favored him with a free pass along the line. As such he used it for a couple of years, no conductor on the route being able to dispute his reading of the document. H. W. Beecher can hardly be considered a model scribe, seeing that one of his daughters owned that her three guiding rules in copying his manuscript were that if a letter was dotted it was not an *i*; and if it was crossed it was not a *t*; and if a word began with a capital it did not commence a sentence. Horace Greeley's discharge of a compositor by note, we all remember, was used as a recommendation of character, which brought the bearer honor and position. Theodore Parker, who was about the worst writer hereabouts within the last thirty years, took the premium when at school for the best penmanship.

A Wedding Trip.

They seem to have a queer way out west of of treating a man on his wedding trip. Some time ago—this according to the reliable local chronicler—a beautiful and timid young girl, in company with a particularly ugly-looking man, got aboard a train on an Iowa railroad. They attracted the attention of the passengers at once; the girl appeared so uneasy and the man so anxious, that the most dreadful things were easily imaginable. After a while it ocurred to some of the more chivalrous that the ugly man was running off with this beautiful young girl in a way that he had no right to do. So certain were they of this that a meeting was held in the smoking car, and a vigilance committee appointed to see that the ugly man was put off the train and the beautiful girl protected. At a very lonely place on the road they proceeded to perform their whole duty. The train was stopped, and while the beautiful young girl went into a swoon the vigilance committee bound and gagged the ugly man and threw him from the train into the swamp. He was left there, while the train went on about its business. In the course of an hour the beautiful young girl came to and asked for "him," and the chairman of the vigilance committee, in the simple language of the prairie, said: "Cheer up, sissy; we give him the grand bounce off'n the rear platform." The beautiful young girl went into another swoon, but she finally recovered enough of her senses to tell the impetuous gentlemen who had appointed themselves her protectors that the ugly man was her husband, that he was a Sunday school teacher, and just too sweet for anything. The vigilance committee has retired from the business of rescuing beautiful young girls from ugly-looking men.

The Husband's Commandments.

I. I am thy husband, whom thou didst vow to love, honor and obey; for I saved thee from old-maidism and the term of single blessedness.

II. Thou shalt not look upan any other man to love or admire him; for I am thy husband, who will visit the sin of the wife upon followers; therefore keep thou faithfully to thy marriage vows.

III. Thou shalt not backbite thy husband, nor speak lightly of him; neither shalt thou expose his faults to his neighbors, lest he should punish thy perfidy by a deprivation of sundry items, such as bonnets, dresses, etc.

IV. Thou shalt purchase cigars for thy husband rather than ribbons for thyself.

V. Thou shalt not go to the opera or evening parties without thy husband; neither shalt thou dance too frequently with thy "cousin" or thy "husband's" friends.

VI. Thou shalt not listen to flattery nor accept trinkets from any man save thy husband.

VII. Thou shalt not rifle thy husband's pockets for money when he is asleep; neither shalt thou read any letters thou mayest find therein; for it is his business to look after his own affairs, and thine to let his alone.

VIII. Thou shalt conceal nothing from thy husband.

IX. Thou shalt not make false representations of the state of the pantry, thy purse or thy wardrobe.

X. Remember to rise early in the morning and be prepared with becoming good humor to welcome thy husband at the breakfast table.

XI. Look for no jewelry from thy husband on the anniversary of thy wedding, for it is written: "Blessed are those who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed."

Taming Animals.

The ancients apparently knew little of natural science. The Romans domesticated some animals, and acclimated many more than we have yet done in our day. Rome, in her degenerate days, saw astounding collections of hippopotami, ostriches and giraffes, hundreds of which were let loose into her gigantic arenas, with whole packs of lions and tigers; but the only object of these sanguinary shows was to gratify the brutal appetite for slaughter shared alike by profligate emperors and a degraded people. The only remarkable success obtained in those days was the skill of the numerous professional tamers, who seem to have done wonders. "They tame the tigers" says a poem of early imperial date, "they soften the rage of the lion, converse with the elephants, and render these unwieldy masses fit for human arts and duties." Nor was their skill confined to dancing apes or talking parrots, to dramatic dogs and acrobatic elephants; they seem actually to have been able to change the nature of the fiercest brutes, for Marc Anthony rode about Rome in a chariot to which two lions were yoked; and Berenice, the Egyptian Queen, had a favorite lion, who is reported to have eaten at her table, and to have licked her cheeks. Up to the fourth century it was a regular profession to "make bears, bulls, and lions fit for intercourse with men."

A Bird Baby.

The phenomenon is a baby, in France, aged six months, named Augustine Lavir, the nape of whose neck has the singular gift of producing an uninterrupted succession of feathers. Twenty-three have already sprouted, reached maturity and fallen off, to be carefully stored up by the infant's father, a workingman, whose future may be considered made if the amazing story turns out correct. The manner in which these feathers grow is thus described: A pimple forms on the nape of the neck, quite close to the roots of the hair. At the expiration of a certain time the pimple blossoms into a feather, the child, at the moment when it appears, seeming to experience a slight uneasiness. The feather, which is curled and gilded, attains, when fully grown, from ten to twelve centimetres in length. When it falls a few drops of whitish color issue from the pimple, which then heals, leaving no trace of its existence for a while until another appears, inclosing the germ of another feather. A curious circumstance, says the Vigie, is that the feather remains six days on the infant's neck when fully grown before falling, and that its successor takes as many days to sprout as its predecessor to reach maturity. The father of the phenomenal child intends taking it to Paris within a few days in order to ask science to investigate the cause of this freak of nature, which, if it really exists, it is certainly one of the strangest heard of recently.

—William H. Vanderbilt employs twenty-seven thousand seven hundred and six men.

The Bewitched Clock.

About half past eleven o'clock on Sunday night, a human leg, enveloped in blue broadcloth, might have been seen entering Cephas Barberry's kitchen window. The leg was followed finally by the entire person of a lively Yankee, attired in his Sunday go-to-meetin' clothes. It was, in short, Joe Mayweed who thus burglariously, in the dead of the night, won his way into the deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his door again?" soliloquized the young man. "Promised him I wouldn't but didn't say nothin' about winders. Winders is just as good as doors, if there ain't no nails to tear your trowsers onto. Wonder if Sal 'll come down? The critter promised me. I'm afraid to move here, 'cause I might break my shins over somthin' or other, and wake up the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a polar bear here. Oh, here comes Sally!"

The beautiful maiden descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a box of matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made up a roaring fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of views and hopes. But the course of true love ran no smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it did elsewhere, and Joe, who was making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from her chamber door:

"Sally, what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"

"Tell him it's most morning," whispered Joe.

"I can't tell a fib," said Sally.

"I'll make it a truth, then," said Joe, and running to the huge old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he set it at five.

"Look at that clock and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman up stairs.

"It's five by the clock," answered Sally, and corroborating the words the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again and resumed the conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to creak.

"Good gracious! It's father!"

"The deacon, by thunder!" cried Joe.

"Hide me, Sal!"

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.

"Oh, I know," said he, "I'll squeeze into the clock-case."

And without another word, he concealed himself in the case and drew the door behind him.

The deacon was dressed, and sitting himself down by the cooking stove, pulled out his pipe, and lighted it, and commenced smoking very deliberately and calmly.

"Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes, then I'll go and feed the critters."

"Hadn't you better go and feed the critters first, sir, and smoke afterwards," suggested the dutiful Sally.

"No, smokin' clears my head and wakes me up," answered the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

Bur-r-r-r—whiz-z—ding—ding! went the clock.

"Tormenting lightning!" cried the deacon, starting up and dropping his pipe on the stove. "What in creation's that?"

"It's only the clock striking five," said Sally tremulously.

Whiz! ding! ding! ding! went the old clock furiously.

"Powers of mercy!" cried the old deacon. "Striking five! It's struck a hundred already."

"Deacon Barberry!" cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm. "What is the matter with the clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man. "It's been in the family these hundred years and never did I know it to carry on so before."

Whiz! bang! bang! bang! went the clock.

"It 'll burst itself!" cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be nothing left of it."

"It's bewitched," said the deacon, who retained a leaven of New England superstition in his nature. "Anyhow," he said, after a pause advancing resolutely toward the clock. "I'll see what's got into it!"

"Oh, don't," cried the daughter affectionately seizing one of his coat tails, while his faithful wife clung to the other.

"Don't chorused both the women together.

"Let go my raiment!" shouted the deacon, "I ain't afraid of the powers of darkness."

But the women would not let go, so the deacon slipped off his coat and while, from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily to the floor, he darted forward and laid his hand on the door of the clock-case. But no human power could open it. Joe was holding it inside with a death grasp. The deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell as of a fiend in distress came from the inside, and then the clock case pitched headforemost on the floor, smashed its face and wrecked its proportions.

The current of air extinguished the light—the deacon, the old lady and Sally fled up-stairs, and Joe Mayweed extricating himself from the clock, effected his retreat in the same way that he had entered. The next day all Appletown was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched; and though many believed its version, some, and especially Joe Mayweed, affected to discredit the whole affair, hinting that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock-case existed only in his distempered imagination.

Red Hot Items.

Colonel Bagshot, of the Chodunk, Pa., Union, recently left his paper in the hands of an assistant, while he took a trip to the city. On his return the Colonel found the whole town with a big club in hand, in waiting at the depot. The assistant, according to the voracious Lock Haven *Journal*, had inserted several "red-hot" items, of which the following are specimens: "Religious Intelligence.—That whited-sepulchre, Deacon Marsh, was noticed last Saturday night, trying to open the coal hole in front of his residence with his night key. The deacon was as full as a goat, and couldn't tell moonshine from green cheese." "Military Jottings.—Major Blim, that tattered old beggar, who hid in an oyster barrel during the battle of Bull Run, wears a wig. He ought to be shot in the back with a baked apple."

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, JULY 15., 1880.

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL
Is published every Thursday, in Musser's Building, corner of Main and Penn streets at
$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE
Or $1.25 if not paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 week.	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 year.
1 square,...	$1 00	$2 50	$3 00	$4 00	$7 00
¼ column,..	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00	15 00
½ column,..	5 00	7 50	10 00	15 00	25 00
1 column,..	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00	60 00

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices $2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.
Job Work done on short notice.

DEININGER & BUMILLER, Editors and Proprietors.

Church & Sunday School Directory.

Evangelical.

Rev. W. H. Hartman will preach next Sunday morning.

Sunday School, 2 P. M.,—D. L. Zerby, supt.

Methodist.

Rev. J. Benson Akers will preach next Sunday evening.

Sunday School, 1 P. M.,—D. Kimport, supt.

Reformed.

Preaching in Aaronsburg next Sunday evening.

United Brethren.

Lutheran.

Rev. John Tomlinson, Pastor.—

Preaching in Millheim next Sunday afternoon and in Aaronsburg in the evening.

United Sunday School, 9 A. M.—F. D. Luse supt.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 353, I. O. O. F. meets in their hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening.
Rebecca Degree Meeting every Thursday on or before the full moon of each month.
A. O. DEININGER, Sec. E. O. DEININGER, N. G.

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. of H., meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 6½ P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M.
D. L. ZERBY, Sec. A. O. Deininger, Master.

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.
A. WALTER, Sec, B. O. DEININGER, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.
F. P. OTTO, Sec., J. F. HARTER, Pres't.

Millheim Escort of Co. B., 5th Regt., N. G., hold their drilling on the second story of Alexander's Block, every Tuesday and Friday evening.

Official Directory

Regular Terms of Court—Fourth Mondays of January, April, August and November.

President Judge—Hon. Chas. A. Mayer, Lock Haven.
Additional Law Judge—Hon. John H. Orvis, Bellefonte.
Associate Judges—Hons. Samuel Frank, John Dixon.
Prothonotary—J. C. Harper.
Register of Wills and Clerk of O. C.—W. E. Burchfield.
Recorder of Deeds, &c.—William A. Tobias.
District Attorney—David F. Fortney.
Sheriff—John Spangler.
Treasurer—Adam Yearick.
County Surveyor—Joseph Devling.
Coroner—Dr. Joseph Adams
County Commissioners—Andrew Gregg, George Swab, Jacob Dunkle.
Clerk to County Commissioners—Henry Beck.
Attorney to County Commissioners—C. M. Bower.
Janitor of the Court House—Bartrim Galbraith.
County Auditors—James T. Stewart, George R. Williams, Thomas B. Jamison.
Jury Commissioners—John Shannon, David W. Kline.
Superintendent of Public Schools—Prof. Henry Meyer.

Centre County Democratic Committee for 1880.

DISTRICTS.	NAMES.	P. O. ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N. W.,	Wm. Galbraith,	Bellefonte
" S. W.,	W C Heinie,	"
" W W.,	Wm Harper,	"
Milesburg,	Frank E Bible,	Milesburg
Unionville,	P J McDonnell,	Unionville
Howard,	A J Gardner,	Howard
Philipsburg,	C G Herlinger,	Philipsb'g
Millheim,	I H Reifsnyder,	Millheim
Benner,	Uriah Stover,	Bellefonte
Boggs,	Jas A McClain,	Milesburg
Burnside,	Wm Heyple,	Pine Glenn
College,	Sam'l Gilliland,	Boalsburg
Curtin,	David Delong,	Howard
Ferguson, O. P.,	Dan Driebelbis,	State Col
" N. P.,	O M Sheets,	Stormston
Gregg,	L M Rishel,	Spring M's
Haines,	George Keister,	Aaronsb'g
Halfmoon,	John Ward,	Stormsto'n
Harris,	Sam'l Ishler,	Boalsburg
Howard,	David Tanyer,	Howard
Huston,	H G Chronister,	Martha
Liberty,	W H Gardner,	Blanchard
Marion,	John Hoy, Jr.,	Walker
Miles,	Sam'l K Faust,	Millheim
Patton,	G W Rumberger,	Fillmore
Penn,	W F Smith,	Millheim
Potter, N. P.,	D F Lusc,	Centre Hall
" S. P.,	G W Spangler,	Tusseyv'e
Rush,	William Cullen,	Philipsb'g
Snow Shoe,	John G Uzzle,	Snow Shoe
Spring,	E C Wood,	Bellefonte
Taylor,	Samuel Hoover,	Fowler
Union,	J S Fredericks,	Fleming
Walker,	Samuel Decker,	Zion
Worth,	G R Williams,	Pt Matilda

J. L. SPANGLER, Chairman.
FRANK E. BIDLE, Secretary.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET,

FOR PRESIDENT,
GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.
Of Pennsylvania.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
HON. WM. H. ENGLISH,
Of Indiana.

STATE TICKET.

SUPREME JUDGE,
GEORGE A. JENKS, Jefferson Co,
AUDITOR GENERAL,
ROBERT P. DECHERT, Philadelphia.

A spirited Democratic meeting was held in the school house Monday evening, July 5th, for the purpose of organizing a Hancock & English club. Entire harmony and good feeling prevailed. W. H. B. Eisenhuth, one of our rising young men, made quite a creditable speech. The following gentlemen were elected officers of the club: President—D. A. Musser, Vice Presidents—B. O. Deininger, W. L. Musser. H. N. Kreamer and James C. Smith.

The Democrats of North'd Co. made the following nominations: Congress—Lewis Dewart; Senator—S. P. Wolverton; Assembly—Jno. W. Scanlan; Wm. Elliott; Dist. Atty—C. R. Savidge; Surveyor— E. M. Purdy. A good ticket decidedly.

HON. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH, OF INDIANA.

The Democratic nominee for Vice President is a native of Indiana, having been born in Scott county, that State, August 22, 1822, and engaged in the practice of law at the early age of eighteen, and was only twenty-three when he was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States. At the age of twenty years he was appointed Postmaster of Lexington, his native village. In 1843, when twenty-one years of age, he was appointed principal clerk of the State House of Representatives. Soon after the close of the session of the Legislature the great campaign of 1844 began, and Mr. English took an active part. As a recognition of his services he was tendered an appointment in the Treasury Department at Washington, which he accepted, and continued to discharge its duties during Mr. Polk's administration.

In the year 1850 the people of Indiana called a convention to revise the Constitution of the State, and Mr. English, then twenty-eight years of age, received the distinguished honor of being chosen its principal secretary. In 1851 Mr. English was elected to the State Legislature against an opposition majority and over a competitor considered the strongest and most popular man of his party in the county. He was elected Speaker of the House, though but twenty nine years of age and practically without legislative experience.

In October 1852, when just 30 years of age, he was elected to Congress and served four terms. He was a warm supporter of the political measures of the Pierce administration. At the time the Kansas-Nebraska bill was brought forward Mr. English was a member of the House committee on territories and made a minority report in January, 1854. It was not adopted, but the amendments which Mr. English sought to secure were finally put on through Senator Douglas. Mr. English opposed the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution until that instrument had been ratified by the vote of the people and opposed the policy of his own party administration on the measure. In this stage of the proceedings, when the whole country had about abandoned the hope of settlement of the disagreement between the house and the angry contest was likely to be adjourned for further and protracted agitation before a people already inflamed by sectional animosities, Mr. English took the responsibility of moving to concur in the proposition of the Senate asking for a committee of free conference. The excitement upon the occasion had scarcely ever been equaled in the House of Representatives. Upon adopting this motion the vote was 108 to 108, but the Speaker voted in the affirmative and the motion carried. From this committee Mr. English reported what is known as the "English bill," which became the law after a struggle of unparalled bitterness. Under this law the question of admission under the Lecompton Constitution was in effect referred back to the people of Kansas, and they refused it, just as Mr. English and almost every one else expected they would do.

Mr. English retired from Congress in 1861, and has not since been in public life. He has been in business as a banker, and gained respect in Indiana as one of the foremost and trusted business men of that State. He retired from business in 1877, and is accounted a man of large wealth.

THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

The Democrats of the United States, in convention assembled, declare:

First. We pledge ourselves anew to the constitutional doctrines and traditions of the Democratic party as illustrated by the teaching and example of a long line of Democratic statesmen and patriots and embodied in the platform of the last National Convention of the party.

Second. Opposition to centralization and to that dangerous spirit of encroachment which tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever be the form of government, a real despotism. No sumptuary laws; separation of Church and State, for the good of each; common schools fostered and protected.

Third. Home rule; honest money—the strict maintenance of the public faith—consisting of gold and silver and paper convertible into coin on demand; the strict maintenance of the public faith, State and national, and a tariff for revenue only.

Fourth. The subordination of the military to the civil power, and a general and thorough reform of the civil service.

Fifth. The right to a free ballot is the right preservative of all rights, and must and shall be maintained in every part of the United States.

Sixth. The existing Administration is the representative of conspiracy only, and its claim of right to surround the ballot boxes with troops and deputy marshals to intimidate and obstruct the electors, and the unprecedented use of the veto to maintain its corrupt and despotic power, insults the people and imperils their institutions.

Seventh. The great fraud of 1876–77 of which, upon a false count of the electoral votes of two States, the candidate defeated at the polls was declared to be President, and for the first time in American history the will of the people was set aside under a threat of military violence, struck a deadly blow at our system of representative government. The Democratic party, to preserve the country from the horrors of a civil war, submitted for the time, in firm and patriotic faith that the people would punish this crime in 1880. This issue precedes and dwarfs every other. It imposes a more sacred duty upon the people of the Union than ever addressed the conscience of a nation of freemen.

Eighth. We execrate the course of this Administration in making places in the civil service a reward for political crime, and demand a reform by statute which shall make it forever impossible for the defeated candidate to bribe his way to the seat of a usurper by billetting villians upon the people.

Ninth. The resolution of Samuel J. Tilden not again to be a candidate for the exalted place to which he was elected by a majority of his countrymen, and from which he was excluded by the leaders of the Republican party, is received by the Democrats of the United States with sensibility, and they declare their confidence in his wisdom, patriotism and integrity unshaken by the assaults of a common enemy; and they further assure him that he is followed into the retirement he has chosen for himself by the sympathy and respect of his fellow-citizens, who regard him as one who, by elevating the standard of public morality and adorning and purifying the public service, merits the lasting gratitude of his country and his party.

Tenth. Free ships and a living chance for America commerce on the seas and on the land. No discrimination in favor of transportation lines, corporations or monopolies.

Eleventh. Amendment of the Burlingame treaty. No more Chinese immigration except for travel, education and foreign commerce, and therein carefully guarded.

Twelfth. Public money and public credit for public purposes solely, and public land for actual settlers.

Thirteenth. The Democratic party is the friend of labor and the laboring man, and pledges itself to protect him alike against the cormorants and the Commune.

Fourteenth. We congratulate the country upon the honesty and thrift of a Democratic Congress, which has reduced the public expenditure $49,000,000 a year; upon the continuation of prosperity at home and the national honor abroad, and, above all, upon the promise of such a change in the administration of the Government as shall insure us genuine and lasting reform in every department of the public service.

The Reading *Times and Dispatch* settles the Presidential matter in advance, and by the old rule of "8 to 7" namely: Garfield, 8; Hancock, 7.—*Ex.*

Good at *counting*, eh? But we will save you the trouble this time. Our grand, glorious, *superb* Hancock will smash your counting machine, return board and electoral commission all into a thousand smithereens. He's the chap to do it. The figures will be so plain and big that he who runneth may read. Even if any particular *counting* should be necessary a Democratic House and Democratic Senate will attend to that little job without the assistance of Mad Wells or aliunde Joe. D'you hear?

DOUGHERTY'S GRAND SPEECH.

In presenting the name of Gen. Hancock to the Cincinnati convention Daniel Dougherty electrified the vast assemblage by one of the grandest speeches of his life. The silver-tongued orator did honor to himself, to the great state of Pennsylvania, and above all to the popular soldier-statesman whose timely and spontaneous nomination sent such a thrill of joy throughout the entire country. Mr. Dougherty's speech was but the concentrated voice of the nation. He said:

I propose to present to the thoughtful consideration of this convention the name of one who on the field of battle was styled "the superb," [cheers] yet won the still nobler renown as a military governor whose first act when in command of Louisiana and Texas was to salute the constitution by proclaiming that the military rules shall ever be subservient to the civil power. [Cheers.] The plighted word of a soldier was proved by acts of a statesman. I nominate one whose name will suppress all factions, [cheers] will be alike acceptable to the north and the south. A name that will thrill the republic. A name, if nominated, of a man that will crush the last embers of sectional strife and whose name will be hailed as the dawning of the day of perpetual brotherhood. With him we can fling away our shields and wage an aggressive war. We can appeal to the supreme tribunal of the American people against the corruption of the Republican party and their untold violations of constitutional liberty. With him as our chieftain the bloody banner of the Republicans will fall from their palsied grasp. O, my countrymen, in this supreme moment the destinies of the republic are at stake and the liberties of the people are imperiled. The people hang breathless on our deliberation. Take heed; make no misstep. I nominate one who can carry every Southern State and who can carry Pennsylvania, Indiana, Connecticut, New Jersey and New York—the soldier statesman with a record as stainless as his sword, Winfield Scott Hancock, of Pennsylvania. [This gave occasion for the wildest burst of applause that had been witnessed upon the floor or in the galleries, many delegates rising to their feet.] If elected he would take his seat. [Great applause.]

DON CAMERON, poor fellow is quite unwell ever since Garfield was nominated at Chicago, and the nomination of Gen. Hancock has'nt improved his health the least bit. Under these circumstances he can't possibly think of accepting the chairmanship of the National Committee and the Republicans ought to be ashamed of themselves to irritate the sick man with their importunities. "Let us have Peace."

The Lewisburg *Journal* brings forward two candidates for Congress—J. Gundy, Esq., and Hon. Andrew H. Dill both of Lewisburg. Mr. Gundy is highly spoken of as a gentleman in every sense fitted for the important place, while Mr. Dill is too well known to need introduction or commendation. In Centre county there seems to be much hesitancy to speak out on the congressional question, in view of the unpleasant experience we had two years ago and during the prolonged contest in the House. But the question must be met and disposed of. The far-famed 20th district must be represented and therefore we must have a Democratic candidate. Personally we are willing to give a hearty support to any good man and Democrat that gets a fair and square nomination but for obvious reasons would prefer, Gov. Curtin to all others. That's where we stand, but what the sentiments of Democrats generally are we have no present means of knowing. "*Watchman, what of the night?*"

One of the most urgent demands of our time is a system of education which shall train the young to apply their school learning. At the Pennsylvania State College practical instruction in Agriculture, Horticulture, Botany, Zoology, Mechanics, Chemistry, etc; is given, and thus theory in the class room is applied and enforced by experience in the field and laboratory. Spring session opens April 9th. For catalogue and full information address the Business Manager, State College, Centre Co., Pa. tf

Republicans have just the poorest kind of an opinion of Col. John W. Forney, this while past. They say he's nobody, nowhere, and don't amount to much anyhow. But really, what's the matter? Did they hear something drop?

Mr. Rutherford B Hayes has been made a *doctor* by some New England college. It is now Dr. Hayes. The people, though, have given him a name long since, a trifle less euphonious but much more truthful. It begins with *f* and ends with *d*.

The Philadelphia *Times* has actually found *one* Democrat who wants to vote for Garfield. The poor deluded fellow is afraid he will lose his pension if Garfield is defeated. He will get an opportunity to know to a certainty.

The Republican National Committee met at New York on the 2nd and organized by appointing Ex-Gov. Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut, chairman, and S. W. Dorsey, of Arkansas, secretary.

IRVIN HOUSE,
(Most Central Hotel in the City.)
COR. MAIN AND JAY ST.,
Lock Haven, Pa.,
S. WOODS CALDWELL, PROPRIETOR
Good Sample Rooms for Commercial Traveler on first floor.

CONSUMPTION CURED
BY
CRUDE PETROLEUM PILLS.
Gained 29 lbs. weight in two months.

POWHATTAN C. H., VA., April, 1880.
DR. M. MILTON:
Dear Sir—After having been sick twelve months, and tried the best physicians of the country without doing me the least good, I tried your CRUDE PETROLEUM PILLS. When I commenced taking them I caughed almost incessantly, had hemmorrhage, night sweats, etc. I weighed 114 lbs. After taking the Pills two months the cauch and night sweats ceased and had no hemorrhages, and weighed 143 lbs.
Yours, respectfully.
FRED. C. DUNN.

Thousands of cases like the above.
The Pills are also a positive cure for chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, and all Lung and Throat troubles.
TRIAL BOXES, 25 CTS. LARGE BOXES (130 pills) $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price, with directions. Address
DR. M. MILTON,
21-3m IRVING, N. Y.

PENSIONS! Every Soldier disabled in disease, or injury, is entitled to pension. Pensions date back to time of discharge or death of soldier. Claims of all description prosecuted. Copies of lost discharges obtained. Claims filed by attorneys who have since died, or from other causes have ceased to practice, finished without delay. Address, with stamp, H. S. BERLIN & CO., Attorneys,
P. O. Box, 592. Washington, D. C.
21-3m

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Div.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, May 30th, 1880, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 55 p. m.
" "	Harrisburg	4 25 a. m.
" "	Williamsport	8 35 a. m.
" "	Jersey Shore.	9 07 a. m.
" "	Lock Haven.	9 40 a. m.
" "	Renovo	11 00 a. m.
" arr. at	Erie	7 55 p. m.
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	9 00 a. m.
" "	Harrisburg	12 20 a. m.
" arr. at	Williamsport	3 15 p. m.
" "	Lock Haven.	4 20 p. m.
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 50 a. m.
" "	Harrisburg	3 35 p. m.
" arr. at	Williamsport	7 25 p. m.
" "	Lock Haven	8 40 p. m.

EASTWARD.

PACIFIC EXP. leaves	Lock Haven..	6 45 a. m.
" "	Jersey Shore	7 15 a. m.
" "	Williamsport	7 55 a. m.
" arr. at	Harrisburg	11 40 a. m.
" "	Philadelphia.	3 15 p. m.
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Lock Haven..	11 10 a. m.
" "	Williamsport	12 20 p. m.
" arr. at	Harrisburg	3 40 p. m.
" "	Philadelphia	6 45 p. m.
ERIE MAIL leaves	Renovo	8 40 p. m.
" "	Lock Haven	9 50 p. m.
" "	Williamsport	11 10 p. m.
" arr. at	Harrisburg	2 45 a. m.
" "	Philadelphia	7 40 a. m.
FAST LINE leaves	Williamsport	12 35 a. m.
" arr. at	Harrisburg	3 50 a. m.
" "	Philadelphia	7 40 a. m.

Erie Mail West and Day Express East make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains from Wilkesbarre and Scranton.
Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West and Fast Line West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.
Niagara Express West and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with E. V. R. R. trains.
Erie Mail East and West connect at Driftwood with trains on L. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with C. C. & A. V. R. R. at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.
Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express West and Day Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.
WM. A. BALDWIN, General Sup't.

L. C. & C. RAIL ROAD

WESTWARD.

LEAVE	1. A. M.	3. P. M.	P. M.
Montandon	7 00	2 00	6 20
Lewisburg Arrive	7 15	2 10	6 35
Lewisburg Leave	7 15	2 20	
Fair Ground	7 20	2 30	
Biehl	7 30	2 40	
Vicksburg	7 35	2 48	
Mifflinburg Arrive	7 50	3 05	
Mifflinburg Leave	7 50	3 15	
Milmont	8 10	3 35	
Laurelton	8 20	3 50	
Coburn	9 30		
Arrive at Spring Mills	10 00		

EASTWARD.

LEAVE	2. A. M.	4. A. M.	P. M.
Spring Mills		10 20	
Coburn		10 45	
Laurelton		11 35	
Milmont		12 05	4 20
Mifflinburg Arrive		12 30	4 40
Mifflinburg Leave		12 30	4 50
Vicksburg		12 45	5 05
Biehl		12 52	5 13
Fair Ground		1 02	5 23
Lewisburg Arrive		1 10	5 30
Lewisburg Leave	6 35	1 20	5 45
Arr. at Montandon	6 50	1 30	6 00

Nos. 1 & 2 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail west on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad.
Nos. 3 & 4 with Day Express east and Niagara Express west.
Nos. 5 & 6 with Fast Line west
An Omnibus will run between Lewisburg and Montandon, to convey passengers to and from Pacific Express east on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad.
The regular Railroad Tickets will be honored between these two points.

DOMESTIC
IT STANDS AT THE HEAD
SO SIMPLE
SO STRONG
It Never Wears Out.
DOMESTIC

LADIES!
USE
"Domestic" Paper Fashions

1888 LADIES' POLONAISE. 9 Sizes. 30 to 46 Inches. Bust Measure. Price, 55 Cents.

They are especially designed to meet the requirements of those who desire to dress well. They are unsurpassed in Style, perfect in Fit, and so simple that they are readily understood by the most inexperienced. Send 5c. for catalogue. Address,

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NEW YORK.

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FIRST, LAST AND ALL THE TIME
FOR
HANCOCK AND ENGLISH.

THE WEEKLY WORLD will contain each and every week the fullest and most complete telegraphic reports of the progress of the political campaign from each and every State in the Union. These despatches will be telegraphed from the Headquarters of each Democratic State Committee, and will accurately report the exact progress of the great fight for grand old Democratic ideas under the lead of Hancock and English. Every Democrat in the land must keep posted about what is being done all over the country to secure an overwhelming victory at the polls next November.

HELP ON THE GOOD FIGHT!

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Not to be paid for until Machines are received and examined.
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The Lowest-Priced First-Class New Sewing Machine Ever Manufactured.
A COMBINATION OF ALL THE BEST PRINCIPLES OF A SEWING MACHINE.
NONE BETTER MADE BY ANY COMPANY AT ANY PRICE.
A Machine you can depend upon every day you use it.
A Faithful and Reliable Family Sewing Machine in every sense of the word.
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perfect in every feature, complete in all its details, and without the faults of many other machines. So strong and durable it will stand the roughest usage and continuous wear without becoming out of order or requiring any repairs, and will last until the next century begins. Is sensibly made upon sound principles and so simple and easy, it is a pleasure to run it. Easy to learn, easy to manage, and
ALWAYS READY TO DO ITS WORK!!!
All the working parts are manufactured from the best steel, and are interchangeable. If one part gives out or breaks, from any cause, another can be inserted without cost or delay. Workmanship as fine as the best skilled labor can produce. We build no inferior goods. Every machine shipped from factory in perfect condition, and thoroughly warranted for five years. A complete set of new attachments—Hem Gides, Hemmers, Binders, Tuckers, Quilters, Rufflers, &c., for all kinds of work, given free with each machine. Extra large shuttle, with bobbins that hold an ordinary spool of thread. The Most Solid, Reliable and Satisfactory Machine ever invented for ALL KINDS OF FAMILY WORK, from finest *Cambric* to *Leather*, with all kind of thread. It does more work at less cost and labor than any other, and is the CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD. This Machine, so Simple, Powerful, and Perfect and Mechanism, is the Most Economical and Durable, and the EASIEST MACHINE IN THE MARKET TO SELL—its merits recommend it at once. Machines shipped to any point for examination before payment.

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235 MARKET ST.,
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EVERYTHING NEW!
APPERTAINING TO THE SEASON.

Having made early Spring purchases, we are enabled to offer our patrons a COMPLETE ASSORTMENT of the following articles, and a comparison of our prices with other establishments is respectfully solicited.

EVERYTHING MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES, AND Strictly ONE Price!

Spring Hats and Bonnets IN ALL GRADES!
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HAIR GOODS!
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Germantown Wools,
Chromo & other Mottoes!
BLACK WALNUT
Picture Frames
IN ALL SIZES, A SPECIALITY AT FULLY 50 PER CENT. LESS THAN ELSEWHERE.
We will receive daily during the Spring and Summer Season additions to the above.

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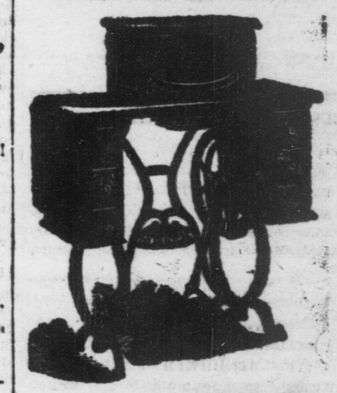
OF THE
White Sewing Machine



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The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, JULY 15., 1880

DEININGER & BUMILLER,
Editors and Proprietors.

Local Department.

—Spring Mills has a population of 278. That makes a fair-sized town.

—$3.50 will buy a summer suit at Lewin's Philadelphia Branch, Bellefonte, Pa. 2t

—Israel Confer gives notice that he is the administrator of the estate of David Titlow, deceased.

—We had a fair-sized hail storm on Friday afternoon, but no actual damage was done as far as we know.

—Harvest is over and the grain is about all hauled in. Altogether it may be considered a pretty good crop.

—Centre Hall is preparing to be incorporated into a borough. So says the Bellefonte Republican.

—The sale notes of the estate of Jonathan Philips, deceased, are now due, of which all concerned will please take notice. tf

—The fine and valuable Shmeltzer property in Madisonburg is to be sold by executor's private sale. See advertisement in another column.

—The whole world "and the rest of mankind" are invited to call and inspect the stock of clothing at Lewin's Philadelphia Branch, Bellefonte, Pa. 2t

—A new Catholic church was dedicated at Howard, in this county, on Tuesday the 26th inst. The services were conducted by Bishop Shanahan, of Harrisburg.

—Rev. W. W. Criley, pastor of the Lutheran congregation at Lewisburg, received a call recently from a congregation at Easton, but has made up his mind to stay at Lewisburg.

—Over $250,000 are lying idle in the vaults of the Lewisburg banks, and the population has actually decreased, since 1880. Too much *inertia*, men and brethren.

A CARD.—The undersigned will open a select school in the Aaronsburg Academy, on Mondy July 19th next. Terms—$2.00 per scholar. Extra charges for studies not included in the common school branches.

J. C. MEYER.

—Mr. Amos Alexander and Mr. John Keen are both down on beds of sickness. They have the sympathy of the community. May tney soon be restored to health.

We see Mr. Keen out again since above is in type.

—Lewin the boss clothier of the Philadelphia Branch, has now put summer clothing down to the very lowest price possible. 2t

—Mr. Elias Lose has constructed an ice coffin, for use in the undertaking business of Lose, Harter & Co., in which corpses can be preserved for three or four days. They are now prepared in every particular to serve the public as undertakers.

—THOMAS SHANER, of Boyertown, Berks county, has been Collector of state and county taxes for forty successive years. He is now 79 years old and has just been re-appointed against his protest. "Honesty is the best policy."

—It is proposed to make Senator Wallace chairman of the Democratic National committee. No better selection could be made. Mr. Wallace is the best organizer in the party and an ardent friend and admirer of Gen. Hancock. Let him be appointed by all means.

—The Rebersburg Select School reopens Tuesday, July 20th, next, and continues ten weeks. One of its principal features is to prepare teachers professionally. Tuition from $2.50 to $600. Board at $2.00 to $2.25 per week For further information apply to

C. L. GRAMLEY,
Teacher.

—Charley Frankenberger offers his home, near town, at private sale. Any person desiring a property of this size would do well to look at this one for there is not a more complete property in this neighborhood.

The bnildings are all new and very complete. Good water in abundance all the year round and choice fruit of every kind. tf.

—A Ratification Meeting will be held at Rebersburg, on Saturday evening, July 17th. The meeting will be addressed by J. L. Spangler, Esq., D. F. Fortney, Esq., W. C. Heinle, Esq., Maj. R. H. Forster. The Brushvalley Band has been engaged for the occasion. Democrats rally! Let us inaugurate the coming campaign by a "Grand Ratification."

—The other day Mr. Sebastian Musser sold a tract of mountain land containing over five hundred acres, situated in Little Poe Valley, to a Mr. Zimmerman, from Chester county, for $2600. Mr. Zimmerman expects to erect a steam saw mill during the coming fall and engage in lumbering on a big scale.

Spring Mills Academy.

The Summer Term will commence on Monday, July 26th, 1880.

Tuition, $5 to $8. Boarding $2 to $2.25 per week.

For further information address

REV. D. M. WOLF,
28-3t. Spring Mills, Pa.

—Don't fail to see the Biblical clock to be exhibited in the Evangelical Church next Saturday and Monday evenings. It is certainly a sight worth seeing.

—The Hancock & English Club of Millheim will meet next Monday evening and afterwards every Monday evening.

For the Journal.

Good out of Evil.

Out in the pinewoods, where no flowers bloom e'er,
The poisonous laurel grows, so gnarled and twisted,
That one might ask to what end it existed—
For use to stubborn and in shape not fair.
Our good professor, rambling, saw it there;
With eye prophetic chose what limbs he listed,
And from the wood that break and plane resisted
By artful fitting shaped an easy chair.
And shall not man, by skillful combination,
O'er baleful things so further his control
That all of nature finally obeys him?
And shall not God, who makes our wrath to praise Him,
Redeem the rubbish of his broad creation—
In some grand structure fit each twisted soul?

C. C. Z.

—Rev. A. D. Rowe, and family, whose early home was Booneville, Clinton county, has recently returned from India, where he spent some four years in missionary labors. A correspondent in last week's Clinton *Democrat* has the following notice of him:

Rev. Rowe and family will spend a few weeks at Booneville, Sugar Valley. The Sunday schools, the societies, should at once secure his services for a series of lectures on India, &c. He has many personal friends and pupils here who regard him so highly, and would be glad to hear him. Among the subjects of his secular lectures are "Education and Schools in India," "Farmers and Farming."

BIG FIRE AT TYRONE.

At three o'clock on Wednesday morning, July 7th a fire broke out in the stable of the City Hotel, Tyrone, and spread rapidly to the adjoining buildings. The fire department was unable to cope with the flames, and in a short time the Tyrone Bank building, Blair County Bank building, City Hotel, both printing offices and about fifteen other business places, postoffice, six private dwelling houses, together with nine horses in stable of City Hotel, with a number of wagons and carriages had been destroyed. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. Many of the buildings burned are insured, but the amount is not stated. The loss is estimated at $160,000.

—The Democratic ratification meeting on Saturday evening was the first of its kind ever held in Millheim that we know of, and shows that the enthusiasm for Hancock & English are unprecedented and unbounded, and this is really the case everywhere, all over the land. The signs are multiplying on every hand that the Democeatic candidates will be elected by the greatest popular majority ever cast for any men.

The meeting itself was well attended and enthusiastic. Able and spirited addresses were delivered by W. C. Heinle, Esq., and D. F. Fortney, Esq. A few well-timed remarks by Major Forster were responded to by three cheers for Hancock & English, given with a will, after which the meeting adjourned. The band did its level best, everything passed off pleasantly, everybody was satisfied and happy—everybody for Hancock & English.

Among agents and families, the great demand now is for the new light running Combination Sewing Machine, because it has stood the test, and is better made, with more improvements, will last longer, and is much lower in price, (only $20,) than other machines, and having attained a merited popularity among the people for reliability, it is welcomed wherever it makes its appearance. It is built for strength and constant hard work, has interchangeable working parts, manufactured of fine polished steel and will run for years without repairs; is simple to learn, easy to manage, understood perfectly in an hour, and always ready to do every description of heavy or fine family work at less cost, more easily, smoothly, and faster, and with less labor or trouble than any other machine *at any price*, ever did, or can do. Tuckers, quilters, rufflers, hemmers, binders, &c., free with each machine. No advance payments. Machines shipped to any R. R. station for examination before payment of bill. Agents make money rapidly, supplying the great demand for this the Cheapest Machine in the world, Territory free. For illustrated catalogue of prices, specimens of stitch, &c., address, office of the Combination Sewing Machine, 737 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

—The following item which we clip from the Bellefonte Morning News shows that the beautiful and once so thrifty town of Lock Haven is again looming up pretty briskly and is making rapid strides toward her former prosperity. But how we do wish that we could write something in the same vein about Millheim. Could we not get up a good woolen factory, hat factory, axe factory, big tannery, or something in the manufactoring line? Of course we could.

Lock Haven Matters.

Lock Haven is quite a busy place this summer compared with what it has been during the past six or seven years. Kisler's large tannery, which was burned last spring, is almost entirely rebuilt and the machinery has been in operation for some time; the furniture factory, a new enterprise of moderate dimensions, is about ready to begin work; the building of the extensive pulp factory is going on rapidly; the machine shops and other established industries are enjoying a good run of patronage, and all together give employment to all the machanics and laborers who live in the place.

This augurs well for the future of Lock Haven. The citizens having been aroused to a sense of their duty are moving in earnest to induce capitalists to invest here, and the probability is they will not stop with what they have already secured.

The energy of Mr. William Kisler, proprietor of the tannery above referred to, and of Mr. Dixon, of the pulp mill firm, is worthy ot being studied by those of Lock Haven's citizens who have money but are afraid to invest it in anything but government bonds, or in some other way that is of no benefit to the community and but little to themselves.

Agents and Country Merchants
Can make big profits, and make money during the campaign, selling Campaign BADGES, FLAGS, Photographs, Portraits, &c. of the Presidential Candidates. Obtain the agency, or send order for goods at once. "THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE WORM"—and the early applicant will obtain the 300 per cent profits. Write now for terms, and order at once. See advertisement of U. S. MANUFACTURING Co., and at once write them.

News Miscellany.

METEORIC EXPLOSION.

The Colored People Frightened at the Phenomenon.

MACON, Ga., June 30.—At about twelve o'clock last night a meteor as large as a barrel, starting from the zenith, plunged down the northeastern sky, and exploded near here with a report that reverberated for thirty seconds, and shook the earth even at this point. The meteor was about five seconds in falling, during which time the city was lit up as though by a powerful electric light. Much excitement prevailed in the negro quarter; the inhabitants rushed into their houses and closed the doors, filling the air with creams and prayers. The time between the disappearance of the phenomenon and the report was about three minutes. This would make the distance from Macon about forty miles.

BIG TREE.—Messrs. Billmeyer & Co. recently received from the timber lands of Smith & Co., in Hartley township, two oak logs of the following dimensions: length, 45 feet; diameter, 47 inches; weight, 13 tons each; val. $60.-00 each; will cut four thousand feet board measure each; age, 482 years according to the estimate of good lumbermen. These 26 tons of solid oak were about all that two cars cared much about hauling at once. Mr Smith informs us that there is another "sprout" lying back that is considerably larger than either of these.—*Lewisburg Chronicle.*

THE FATAL COAL-OIL CAN.—Lydia M. Swartz, aged 15, while attempting to hurry up a fire in the cooking stove at home in Caledonia, Elk, on the 16th ult., by pouring coal oil on it, had her clothes ignited by the flash and was so badly burned that she died next day. The house was set on fire and was with difficulty saved.

John Long of Drumore, Pa., was recently driven out of his house by swallows. They swept down the large chimney, drove the fire out of the stove and the occupants out of the kitchen; they covered the window panes, and were estimated to be ever 5,000 in number.

Elias Heiser, of Allentown, met with a singular death the other day. He was fishing on a bank of the Lehigh river when, being seized by a fit, he fell headforemost down. His feet remained on the bank, but his head stuck in sand under the water. When the body was found the fishing-rod used by Heisler was seen near by, the hooks being freshly baited.

ALL THROUGH JEALOUSY.—ELKHART, Ind., June 28.—Yesterday afternoon George Elliott, a young man borrowed a pistol from a friend on the street, went back into his mother's house and called Miss Mamie Darcy, his affianced, into a bed room, saying he had something to tell her. He then locked the door and began firing at her. She fell after the second shot, and he then placed the revolver to his own head and shot himself dead. Miss Darcy recovered consciousness, but the physicians pronounce her case hopeless. She is a native of Dunkirk, N. Y., where her parents reside. Elliott was insanely jealous and was also given to drink. He had seen another young man walking with Miss Darcy in the afternoon, and this was the immediate cause of his act.

MARRIED

July 8th at the residence of Mr. Reed's by E. Stambach Mr. Thomas Smith to Miss Almina Reinhart, both of Haines Township.

On the same day by the same at the home of Mr. Treaster's Mr. Andrew Vonada, to Miss Maggie F. Rote both of Haines Township.

DIED.

On the 5th ult., in Lewisburg, Solomon Ritter, aged 65 years.

On the 28th ult., at Clintondale, Mr. Joseph Milliken, aged 71 years.

On the 20th ult., at Clintondale Jacob Van-Noida, aged 64 years 11 months and 9 days.

On the 1st inst., at Lewisburg, A. E. wife of Rev. S. H. McDonald, aged 68 years. She was the mother of Gen. Beaver, of Bellefonte.

On the 9th inst., at Millheim, Mr. Samuel H. Moyer, aged 40 years, 11 months and 27 days.

On the 10 inst., in Penn twp., Joseph Adam, son of A. P. & Elizabeth Zerby, aged 5 years, 9 months and 16 days.

CAMPAIGN BADGES, FLAGS, &c.
Beautiful Campaign Badges of the Republican and Democratic Candidates.
GARFIELD AND ARTHUR, OR HANCOCK AND ENGLISH.
Containing life-like Photographs of the Candidates; encased in pretty Miniature Gilt Frames, with pin for attaching to coat or vest. Active agents can make $10 a day selling them, and city and country merchants can make a handsome profit. Price 10 cents each; 2 for 15 cents; 10 for 50 cents, or 100 for $3.50. Photographs same price as Badges. CRAYON PORTRAITS on tinted plate paper. Heroic size 22 by 28, for 25 cents. FLAGS ALL SIZES, KINDS AND PRICES. Now is the Harvest time for agents, and dealers. Send for samples and full particulars to
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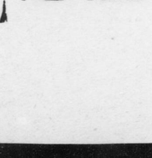
Address, with stamps, Stoddart & Co. Solicitors of Claims and Patents. Room 8, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C.
28-3m STODDART & CO.



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28-3m

Millheim Market.

Corrected every Wednesday by Gephart & Musser.

Wheat No. 1	90
Wheat No. 2	85
Corn	40
Rye	60
Oats White	33
Oats, Black	30
Buckwheat	50
Flour	5.40
Bran & Shorts, per ton	20.00
Salt, per Brl	2.00
Plaster, ground	10.00
Cement, per Bushel	45 to 50
Barley	50
Tymothyseed	
Flaxseed	
Cloverseed	5.00
Butter	13
Hams	10
Sides	7
Veal	
Pork	
Beef	
Eggs	12
Potatoes	
Lard	6
Tallow	5
Soap	
Dried Apples	
Dried Peaches	
Dried Cherries	

COAL MARKET.

Egg Coal	$5.60
Stove "	5.75
Chestnut "	5.30
Pea "	3.80

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The subscribers would respectfully inform the citizens of this neighborhood that they have engaged in the undertaking business. They are prepared to all calls in this line at any time and would kindly solicit a share of patronage. A Full Line of always on hand, which we are also ready to furnish to other undertakers at reasonable prices.
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LOSE, HARTER & CO.
CASKETS

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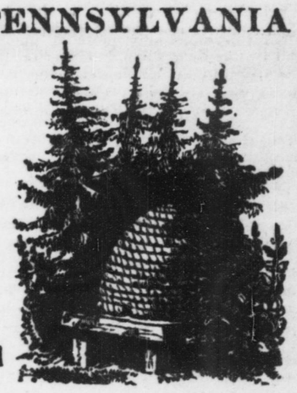
To my Friends in Penns and Brush Valleys!
THE LARGEST
DRY GOODS HOUSE
IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA IS THE GREAT
BEE HIVE

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Store of Lock Haven.
Which is now Opening the Third Stock for the Spring of 1880
which is simply Immense in all its Departments.
30,000 Yards Bleached and Unbleached Muslins,
CALICOS AND SHIRTINGS
A large stock of 10-4, 9-4, 6-4, 5-4 UTICA BLEACHED and UNBLEACHED SHEETINGS and PILLOW CASINGS
3000 Yards Good Calico, Fast Colors. Beautiful Styles, 6 Cents a Yard.
The Largest Stock of TABLE LINENS ever shown in this City at old prices. 500 TOWELS at 25 Cents, worth 40 Cents. 35 dozen 3-4 Bleached all LINEN NAPKINS at $2.65, worth $3.40. 18 inch TWILLED HEAVY TOWELLING, 18
1000 Yards of Summer Pantings,
Bought early in January, since which time they have advanced 20 per cent., but will be sold at old prices of a year ago.
2,000 Yards All-Wool Cassimeres,
FANCY CHEVIOT SUITINGS,
French Diagonals and Shirtings, 1,000 Yards Black all wool Cashmeres
Cheaper than ever. 2000 yards Beautiful Spring Cashmeres at 15 cents, worth 20. French Mohair Cloths, Full Line of French all Wool Buntings in Plain and Lace Goods. Silk Grenadines. French Organdie and Linen Lawns, nice patterns.
500 YARDS BEAUTIFUL SUMMER SILKS,
At 50, 55 and 60 cents a yard. The Largest, Handsomest, Cheapest lot of Plain and Brocade, Black and Colored Silks ever shown. Large lot of Ladies' Coats at Half Price. The handsomest Stock of
BRUSSELS AND INGRAIN CARPETS
In this section of the State. Large lot of Window Shading and Fixtures. 1,500 lbs. Cotton and Wool Carpet Chain.
CITIZENS of Penns and Brush Valleys should avail themselves of the advantages we are now offering, by buying their goods early at the BEE HIVE. Thanking my Patrons for their liberal patronage in 1878, we hope by continuing to keep only first-class goods, with a full assortment of all the Novelties of the Season; by representing goods on MERIT ONLY, and selling at LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES to *merit even a much larger share of the patronage in 1880*, as we have decided advantages over every competitor on account of the immense quantities we buy. SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS to Large Buyers and trade from a distance. ORDERS BY MAIL WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION. REMEMBER THE PLACE.
The Great Bee Hive Dry Goods House,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.
J. J. EVERETT, Proprietor.
WANTED.—50,000 pounds of Wool in exchange or for cash at the Bee Hive Store.

SECOND ARRIVAL OF SPRING CLOTHING
AT THE
PHILADELPHIA BRANCH
Allegheny Street, Opposite Reynold's Opera Hods

"Hello, neighbor! Will you be good enough to hold my horse minutes and inform me where that cheap store is the people talk much about?"
"Oh, yes, with pleasure. The Philadelphia Branch, you mean?"
"Yes, that is the name. It sounds down the valleys and up the plains."
"Do you see away down that street yonder, where that great crowd of people is congregated?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, that is the place. It is unnecessary for me to enumerate their goods; they have them. Only go ahead, you will not be disappointed, either in quality or price. You will find everything you want, in their fine, and very accommodating men to wait on you, and show you goods, whether you buy or not. Be particular in going through to make your selections, as you might be detained in getting the second opportunity. They will adhere strictly to their motto: "One Price" and no overcharge to catch the customer, and all goods marked in plain figures. So you can see for yourself. Go ahead, neighbor; you cannot be disappointed in buying clothing there and such other goods as they keep. So good-by neighbor, I must be jogging along."
"Say, hold on! I will not detain you long. As you have been there and priced their goods, be kind enough to tell me their prices?"
"Oh, with pleasure; then you will wonder how they sell so cheap."

! KAMP !
THE BOOT & SHOE MAN OF LOCK HAVEN.
I have a very large stock of
BOOTS, SHOES, Slippers & Ladies' WALKING SHOES,
just opened up for Spring and Summer wear. My stock is as cheap as it was a year ago, because I bought it for cash before the advance, I am the only shoe dealer in Tick Hoveh that buys for cash & pays no rent where. fore I can sell you a better article for the same money than any dealer in the city. Give me a call and you will be convinced that your place to buy is
KAMP'S.
THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

ELIAS LOSE,
Doors, Shutters, Sash, Window Frames, and Mouldings, made to order on short notice and in the best ossible manner
CARPENTERS and Builders.
Yellow Pine Flooring constantly kept on hand. With thanks for past favors he solicits a continuence of the same
MILLHEIM, PA.

A FREE BOOK of nearly 100 large octavo pages for the sick. Full of valuable notes, by Dr. R. B. FOOTE, on Scrofula, Diseases of the Breathing organs; Diseases of men; Diseases of Women; aches and pains; Heart Troubles; and a great variety of chronic diseases, with evidence that in most cases these diseases are curable. Send a three Cent Stamp. Address, MURRAY HILL PUB. CO., No. 129 East 28th Street, New York City. 23-3m BOOK.

WANTED—WIDE-AWAKE AGENTS, in parts of the State, to sell Russell's new and elegant MAP OF PENNSYLVANIA. Every citizen should have it. Nothing has succeeded like it since war times. Useful, ornamental and cheap. A golden opportunity for energetic canvassers. Sample for 60 cents. Address, Quaker City Publishing House, 25-4t 723 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

Edwin J. Deshler. J. Jordan Deshler
DESHLER & SON,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
Aaronsburg, Pa.
Calls promptly answered day or night.

JOHN H. GRAY,
Fashionable Barber.
Two doors west of Millheim Hotel,
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Main Street, Millheim, Pa

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE
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First Class in all respects.
CENTRALLY LOCATED.
Just the place for the business man, the farmer, the mechanic.
Omnibus to all trains.
W. R. TELER, Proprietor.

Martyrs at the Ball.

It is the fortune of every man some time or other in his life to suffer martyrdom in the ball-room. The methods are various, the results the same. The executioner is of course the of gentler sex. Her name may be Miss Brown. Miss Brown may be the most charming and amiable of creatures. But, unfortunately, so far as you and other male dancers are concerned, she is desperately enamored of Mr. Black. Consequently, the only individual with whom she cares to dance is the fortunate Mr. Black. You may see her looking at him with radiant face, whispering into his ear, and showing the keenest appreciation of everything that he says. You may also notice that she allows him to clasp her a little more tightly than is absolutely necessary, and that she leans on him for support more heavily than she is really called on to do. It is easy to perceive that she would dance with him all night if it were not for the wholesome restraining influences of etiquette, even though she may not be absolutely "engaged" to him. When, however, she is constrained to resign herself to your clutches, her demeanor undergoes a wonderful transformation. The radiance vanishes from her countenance, and her manner become frigid, especially if you evince the least desire to be friendly and confidentially conversational with her. She holds you at arms' length, and, probably, professes to be weary before she has gone more than twice round the room. She forgets that with lucky Mr. Black she is able to keep up from the beginning to the end of a long waltz, but you do not, and your humiliation is, therefore, all the more complete. In case you should have some excuse for not thinking that you are regarded as a bore, she listens to what you have to say with a dis raint air, and receives your neatest things in grim silence. When you fancy that you have said something smart, she will crush you by rousing herself, as if from a reverie, and saying, evidently in reference to the law of politeness, "Oh! I beg your pardon, Mr. So-and-So, I believe you said something; what was it?" You reflect that she will not break her heart if you refrain from telling her what it was, and you are right. But her behavior is very hard on you for to have to tell a joke twice over is very much like explaining a point of a witticism on which you particularly pride yourself.

Having escaped from the hands of Miss Brown, you may possible be handed over to the tender mercies of Miss Green. Now Miss Green prides herself upon the strength of her character and the power of her mind. She would have you believe that she has a soul above the conventional twaddle of the drawing-room, and is able to talk to men on their pet subjects. So she will ask your opinion of metaphysical and philosophical works of which you may not even have heard the names, and arch her eyebrows in disdain as you flounder about in a quagmire of difficulty and indicate your own lack of information. If you venture to pay her a compliment she will frown, but if you ask her what are her daily amusements she will smile, for she then will be able to declare that she loves reading German and Greek, or tackling the theory of evolution as pronounced by Herbert Spencer. Under proper treatment she will lead you to understand that she is ashamed of the frivolity and empty-headedness displayed by the majority of her sex, and deeply feels the stigma which is undeservedly cast upon herself in consequence of their misdeeds. The results of your efforts to entertain her is, nine times out of ten, that you are made to feel exceedingly small.

But, perhaps, the greatest trial which one has to endure is Miss Lackadaisical. She is of a sentimental turn of mind, and thinks of little except sweethearts. She is ready to dance through an evening, almost without a break, regardless of the aching of her partners and the sweat upon her partners' brows. She never dreams that she is heavy. She certainly does her best to be amiable. You may tell her that the moon is made of green cheese, and she will not contradict you. Indeed, she will smile and nod her head, as she might be expected to do if you were retailing gospel truth. But, while she is ready to endorse everything which you have to say, she has very little to talk about on her own account. After supper it is true, she may attempt to rally you about your flirtations. But, there is not much "go" in her chaff, and you have an impression that she would-be glad if you would make love to her. You have an idea that she could upon very slight provocation, constitute herself the victim of an unrequited attachment. When you begin operations, so far as she is concerned, you may feel amiable and be full of spirits. But, somehow or other, she "dries you up." At the end of the first figure of the quadrille, having exhausted the weather, the common affection for dancing, and such inspiring topics, you come to a stop and wonder what in the name of goodness you are to say next. You begin to think that after all, you are the greater portion of a fool, and are demonstrating the melancholy fact to your partner. But you need not humiliate yourself. She is prepared to be very merciful. She does not mind long pauses. No suspicion that she is a simpleton because she fails to supply you with matter for conversation dawns on her mind. She is content to stand placidly while her arm is in yours. It would appear as if she had said to herself, "if he speaks, well and good—if he does not speak, well and good also; there is really not so much in conversation as some people appear to imagine. But, unfortunately, you are not like her, and are so selfconscious that in your misery you wish you were at home. Girls, however, are apt to declare that many dances are made dull and irksome by the stupidity and folly of men, and perhaps, they are right.

AGRICULTURE.

THE NECESSITY OF CARE IN FARMING.—The necessity for agricultural editors to give earnest advice and counsel about the better care of houses, fences, tools, stock and land is imperative. Impress upon all the importance of studying more, and of doing everything scientifically and systematically. The cultivation of broad acres and the sale of the gross crops without condensation is ceasing to be a paying business, and the one who can expect to win must expect to do it by better cultivation, by a wiser care of the productiveness of his farm, by a more economical use of the products of his industry, and by better care of the domestic animals. The farmer must stay more at home, and by his own voice domesticate his stock, and by his hands aid in preparing so they will more profitably assimilate their food. The farmer must make his farm his paradise, and the presence of his stock and his family his principal delight. Our people are not domestic enough—too much going abroad for the comforts and enjoyments of life which should be found in a well-furnished house, a lovely lawn, a well-arranged farm and buildings, and a goodly lot of domestic animals who love their owner's presence. There is an immense work to be done to educate farmers to the true principles of farming. There is need of not only editorial but Governmental aid. Precept and demonstration must be brought to bear to induce the people to ornament their homes by setting out evergreens, planting and cultivating fruits and flowers, ornamenting their lawns, and improving and more thoroughly domesticating their animals and birds. They should instil into their children a more abiding love of home by making it more lovely. They must be taught the importance of making every foot of their ground more productive, and of using that produce so as to yield the largest returns with the least proportional outlay. The home and farm should be to his heart, and the heart of his family the greenest and sweetest spot on earth, around which their affections should cluster, and be the dearest place of enjoyment for leisure hours.

THE VALUE OF SMALL THINGS.—We have often spoken of the convenience and value of a small tool house, which should be found upon the premises of every farmer, in which on rainy days, or part of a day, when there is nothing particular on hand to go at, implements and machinery out of repair may be mended and made ready for use. Or, in the event of anything happening when in operation, and at times too when the work is hurrying, which would cause delay, we can always have at hand the necessary tools to mend it immediately and go on with the work without much delay, and thus accomplish what there is to do in the specified time. We have often heard a farmer say that he fully expected to have done a certain field or allotted plowing or mowing &c., if it had not been for that stone, stump or root breaking some portion of the machinery, to repair which he had to send two miles off, when it ought to have been done by himself on his own premises in half an hour or so. That very implement had shown weakness the preceeding autumn, but having no little tool-house or workshop of his own and the few necessary tools, it was put off altogether; and now, in the midst of the season, when others depended on his finishing this particular piece of work to go on with getting in the crop, the very thing happens that he was afraid several months before would happen, and which he fully intended should be prepared for in time for the season's work. A shop and tools would have saved all this and as much money as would have supplied the tools. Sometimes very small things effect valuable purposes which have a great deal to do in carrying on systematically and at the right time the indispensable operations of the farm.

SOWING FLOWER SEEDS.—In sowing flower seeds a mistake is frequently made in sowing them too deep; indeed it is a very common error, and accounts for many failures in the germination of flower seeds, wherein the florist or seedsman is unjustly blamed. The rule recommended of covering seed only their thickness is a safe one to follow. Some do not require to be covered, eut when sown all that is required is to press the earth down with a board. This buries the seed into the ground sufficiently to ensure their germination if they are sound. The soil requires to be finely pulverized, for if it be lumpy the seeds fall between them, and may dry up before sprouting. Balsams and zinnias, and other medium sized seeds may be covered from a quarter to half an inch. We are referring now to the hardier annuals, the seeds of which may be sown where they are to grow. As we have said heretofore, it is better to sow the seed in boxes and transplant into the open ground, for in that way stronger plants are generally obtained that stand drouth better and give flowers easier. But the great majority of people do not take the trouble te do this. When it is done, when the plants are first set out, they should be watered frequently in dry weather. The ground needs to be kept loose, so that the plants may receive the full benefit of the rain and dews.

WATERING WINDOW PLANTS.—There is one universal law as to watering plants, which a great many people entirely neglect. We mean the excellent rule of watering them with warm water, always rather warmer than the soil the plants are growing in. The organs of tender plants are extremely delicate; and when they are wanted to digest their food it is a bad plan surely to paralyze them with cold. If we feed them, on the other hand, with food a little warm, they are stimulated at once to make the most of their meal. Another important branch of the watering question consists in the washing that all house plants require.

Humble Bees.

There are about fifty distinct species of bumble or humble bees found in North America, of which rather more than half the number occur in the United States, including our new possessions in Alaska. In the immediate neighborhood of Rock Island we have taken about ten different species. The species differ notably in the amount of yellow markings, but have all of them the same general appearance; they differ also in size. As with all other social insects, there are three distinct forms in every species of humble bee, like the drones (or males), the queens (or perfectly fertile females) and the workers (or partly fertile females) among the honey-bees. Among the humble-bees, it is only the queens or large females that live through the winter and start fresh nests in the spring; the workers or small females always die in the fall. These last, for the most part, only differ from the queens in being about two-thirds their size. It is the queens alone that are seen in early spring flying round apple blossoms, etc., the workers not being born till later in the year.

DOMESTIC.

TREATMENT OF MUSLIN ARTICLES.—In washing muslin dresses, the colors may be prevented from running by pursuing the following course: Take out all the gathers at the top of the sleeves and the waist, wash the dress quickly in not too warm water, rinse it immediately, roll it smoothly in a dry sheet, and let it remain till just damp enough to iron. Another process for washing fine muslin of delicate colors, is to take some wheat bran—about two quarts for a lady's dress—and boil it for half an hour in some soft water, then allow it to cool, strain the liquid, and use it as a substitute for soap suds. It removes the dirt from the material like soap, is inert in regard to the colors, and requires to be rinsed out in only one clean water, and starching is unnecessary. This may be regarded as the best method, on the whole, of washing fine muslins, and also calicoes. A great number of beautiful dresses are, from time to time, spoiled in washing, by the discharge of their colors, from the use of warm suds. In all cases, the suds and rinsing water for colored articles of dress should be used as cold as possible. The bran, used as above, should be nice and clean, and a bright fair day, is better for the operation.

SOFT SOAP.—Most of the saponifiers and concentrated lyes for making soap have their own directions on the box. Here are two receipts: To 1 pound of the saponifier add 3 gallons of rain or soft water; set it boiling, and then put in 4 pounds of soap-fat or tallow. When the solution is clear and the fat all combined, which is seen by the disappearance of all fatty eyes of spots on the liquid, add 4 gallons of soft or rain water. When cold, your soap is ready for use. Take twelve pounds of stone potash, twelve pounds of clean grease. Put the potash in a piece of old carpet and crush it with the back of a hatchet into pieces the size of an egg; put it in a large iron kettle with a gallon or more of water. When dissolved add the grease, and when thoroughly melted pour it into the soap barrel; fill up with hot water and stir well for a day or two, occasionally. The meat used in a family of six or eight usually supplies sufficient grease to make all the soft soap required.

Profit, $1,200.

"To sum it up, six long years of bedridden sickness, costing $200 per year, total $1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit."—*N. E. Farmer.*

CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE.—Dissolve one ounce of gelatine in as small a quantity of warm water as will cover it. When melted, put on the fire to dissolve four ounces of Baker's chocolate. Do not let it scorch, and when liquid, add one quart of new milk and three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Boil all together five minutes; stir in the gelatine; boil five minutes longer, stirring constantly. Take off the fire; flavor with vanilla, and pour into moulds. This dessert can be made several days before wanted, as it will keep.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Three cups graham flour, one and a half cups Indian meal, half cup molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, salt to taste. Wet up with milk or water to the consistency of a thick batter. Bake in a covered tin three hours in a moderate oven, or steam, if preferred, the same length of time. This is pronounced excellent by every one who tries it.

FOOD greatly benefits when properly given at the right periods, but to overfeed the baby is to sicken it, and induce a degree of suffering; Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is the best remedy for the discomfort arising from overfeeding the baby. Price 25 cents.

BOILED JELLY CAKE.—One teacupful white powdered sugar, one teacupful flour, four eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, pinch salt; beat the yolks and sugar to a cream; add the flour and salt, then the whites beaten to a very stiff froth; mix quickly; rub and butter a large roasting-pan; bake ten or fifteen minutes, according to oven; when done spread wit jelly and roll quickly.

BREAKFAST DISHES.—Trout and mackerel split open and broiled, scrambled eggs on anchovy toast, buttered eggs with tomato sauce, fried soles with cut lemon, kidneys stewed or fried, kidney toast, ham toast, omelets, curried fowl or rabbit, trissoles, potted meat, and lobster or salmon cutlets, are all excellent dishes for breakfast, and not very difficult to prepare.

IF any trouble is attendant upon the Baby's teething, don't hesitate to use Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. It is invaluable. Price 25 cents a bottle.

MOONSHINE.—This is no relative to the "honey moon," notwithstanding it is very nice. Beat the white of two eggs very light. Sweeten to taste. Then slice in very thin pieces one banana, and stir into it; or if you choose take two oranges, or any kind of fruit will do. Do not make it until just before going to table. It is a handsome dish and delicious for tea.

Teaching Parrots to Talk.

According to Cuvier, the celebrated French naturalist, parrots may best be taught to talk by covering the cage at night, or rather in the evening, and then repeating to them, slowly and distinctly, the words they are desired to earn. They should be kept away from places where they would be likely to hear disagree-able noises, such as street cries and the whistling and shouts of boys at play, or they will imitate them, and become too noisy to be tolerated. Parrots may be fed upon soaked bread and biscuits, mashed potatoes and rape seed. They are fond of nuts. Cayenne pepper, sprinkled upon a bone and given to them occasionally, is said to be very beneficial. They should be kept very clean, and allowed a bath frequently. It would be difficult to point out modes of treatment of the diseases of parrots, but when they become sick it is best to keep them warm, change their food for a time, and give them lukewarm water to bathe in.

SICK HEADACHE, LANGUOR AND MELANCHOLY, generally spring from a Torpid Liver, a Disordered Stomach or Costiveness, the distressing effects of which Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills will speedily remove; by their beneficial action on the biliary organs they will also lessen the likelihood of a return.

HUMOROUS.

A CLERGYMAN who had been traveling in a remote part of the West was asked by a pious old lady if he saw any encouraging signs of the spread of religion. "I heard something," said he, rather hesitatingly, "which you might possibly call encouraging. As I passed a cabin, a woman cried out to her daughter: 'Jerushy Ann! you mean, snarly-headed cuss, come right into prayers!'" "At another place," he added, "I asked a good woman if she had opportunities of hearing a good sermon. "No,' she replied. "Our only religious privilege consists of occasional funerals.'"

Grateful Women.

None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women. It is the only remedy peculiarly adapted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to. Chills and fever, indigestion or deranged liver, constant or periodical sick headaches, weakness in the back or kidneys, pain in the shoulders and different parts of the body, a feeling of lassitude and despondency, are all readily removed by these Bitters.—*Courant.*

PHILADELPHIA milkmen say the reason they have not reduced the price of milk from eight to six cents per quart, as heretofore in the spring, is owing to the high price of ice. We don't know much about farming, but it strikes us the reason is a pretty good one. Forty or fifty cows must drink a great deal of ice water during the summer; and besides, a big lump of ice may inadvertently fall into a milk can quite frequently.

THE gentleman who had been off for a fishing excursion, and sent a paragraph to the local paper saying that "Mr. Jones has sent home a fine mess of 'speckled beauties'" could not account for the warm reception from his wife, until he read that "Mr. Jones had been fined and sent home for a mess with some freckled beauties," and then he went for the newspaper man with a rod.

A MILLION bottles of CARBOLINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum, will produce new hair on a million bald heads, which is something that no other preparation ever discovered will do.

SAID a miserly old man to his wife: "Don't you think that our George is making his sweetheart rather too costly presents?" "Oh, well," responded the wife, with meaning emphasis, "he'll probably be stingy enough after they're married to make amends for his generosity now."

THE latest rage among young ladies is to possess an old-fashioned spinning wheel for a parlor ornament. The desire to possess an old-fashioned washboard and tub as a kitchen ornament doesn't rage much among young ladies. They are about as handsome as the spinning wheel, but they are not fashionable.

"I SEE a good deal about a celebrated Beef Steak Club' in London," said an old lady, as she laid down her paper; and musingly added, "I don't see why they can't pound their steak with rolling pins, as we do in this country.

WE have, ourselves tried Dobbins' Electric Soap, (made by Cr gin & Co., Philadelphia,) and find it the best, purest and most economical soap we have ever seen. Too much cannot be said in its favor. Try it.

AN Irish drummer, who now and then indulged in a noggin of poteen, was accosted by the reviewing general: "What makes your nose so red?" "Plaze yer honor," replied Pat, "I always blush when I spake to a gineral officer."

A SCOTCHMAN having a warm dispute with a London cabman about his fare said, "I'd hae ye ken I'm a McIntosh;" to which the irreverent cabby replied, "You may be a umbrellar for all I know, but my fare is heighteen pence."

THE proper wedding favor for a lady is a spray of jessamine or myrtle tied with some leaves by a white satin ribbon; for a gentleman, oak leaves and acorns with silver and green leaves and no ribbon.

VEGETINE.—By its use you will prevent many of the diseases prevailing in the Spring and Summer season.

A SUFFERER asked her new English doctor for advice. "Try a change of hair," he said. She immediately discarded her old frizzes and braids, and invested in twenty dollars' worth of new hair; but her health has not improved.

NEIGHBORS not on calling terms are enjoying themselves just now in commenting on the extreme homeliness of each other's carpets as they swing upon the lines.

AN old lady hearing of fire escapes, said she thought it was a good idea to give a fire a chance to escape from a building; "and then," she added, "If it *doesn't* escape, why, *put it out* without ceremony."

A BURGLAR alarm is a good thing. It lets you know of the approach of the burglar in time to hide under the bed before he can come up and gag you.

A SIAMESE nobleman, Pra Preecah, has just been beheaded for marrying a British officer's daughter. How unfortunate for British girls!

WOMEN resemble flowers. They shut up when they sleep.

HAYING.—Clover and Timothy should be cut when in full blossom; if allowed to get ripe, the quality of the hay is not so good. By beginning early the work need not be hurried. Use the mower after the dew is off in the forenoon. Cut only as much as can be well cared for. It is often remarked that the average quality of hay is not so good as before the introduction of the mowing machines, from the temptation to cut the grass faster than it can be cured.

President Hayes.

The validity of Mr. Hayes' title may always be questioned, and his administration criticised, but the payment of one dollar gives a valid title to one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and its administration can never be criticised in cases of cough, colds, incipient consumption, and general debility, for leading physicians of all schools endorse the Discovery and prescribe it in their practice. Sold by druggists.

WARRANTED not to contain a single particle of Mercury or any injurious or mineral substances, but to consist entirely of medical matter purely vegetable, which is the reason Simmons Liver Regulator is so effectual, yet so harmless. A complete substitute for Calomel, Blue Mass or Mercury in any of its forms, as a remedy for Liver Disease, is supplied by Simmons Liver Regulator.

"This medicine is acknowledge to have no equal as a Liver medicine, containing those Southern roots and herbs which an allwise Providence has placed in countries where Liver diseases prevail."—"*Baltimore Episcopal Methodist.*"

The Crater of Hilo.

We stood on the brink of the molten lake. And here the pen fails to convey what the mind fails to comprehend and describe a scene of fearful, terrible sublimity—a vast pit, a thousand feet in circumference, with black walls forty feet high, rising perpendicualrly, and at the bottom a mass of ever-moving, ever-heaving melted lava; now crusted over with a thin crust, which was cooled by the atmosphere, now swelling and bursting through the crust, throwing up a mass of red hot lava, spouting and beating tumultously, now pressing one way, now another, surging against the sides, to be dashed back again into the ever-moving mass; seams opening, showing the lurid mass beneath. The sight was awfully grand. The mind was forced back on itself, and probably none of the party that stood and gazed and wondered, but felt constrained to compare the terrible sight before us with that lake whose fire burneth forever and ever. There has evidently been a very great change in the whole character and appearance of this crater since it was visited by Mr. Stewart in 1825. Its action must have been, then, much more general and extended throughout the whole floor of the crater, whereas the only portion now active is the small lake in the south-western part. There is something strangely fascinating in lingering near this mighty display of creative power, and many persons expose themselves to danger in the excitement of procuring good points for a view, or specimens as mementoes of the visit; and some of our party who seemed a little timid in approaching it, were the last who cared to leave. We were much surprised to find or see a mass of lava, like an island, in the molten lake. It may have been thrown up by the action of the volcano—or it may be a mass detached from the side of the cliff and fallen in. It forms quite a striking feature of the lake, and the question of how it withstands the action of the molten mass that washes its base is an interesting one. At our right was a steam escape which, at short intervals, emitted a loud, protracted blast, like a high pressure steamboat.

A new plastic composition has been invented in London, formed of clean washed river sand, blue lias lime, and common cement in about equal proportions. This composition is moulded into the form of bricks or slabs, and, without firing, it dries quickly and resists the action of the atmosphere.

"My Tormented Back."

is the exclamation of more than one poor hard-working man and woman; do you know why it aches? It is because your kidneys are over-tasked and need strengthening, and your system needs to be cleansed of bad humors. You need Kidney-Wort.—PRESS

The best

William H. Wilson, M. D. Springfield, Effington Co., Ga., says: "I prescribed Hunt's Remedy in a complicated case of Dropsy which I had been treating for eight years, and I find Hunt's Remedy is the best medicine for Dropsy and the Kidneys I have ever used." Trial size, 75 cents.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a Recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

A Valuable Gift Free.

A book on the Liver, its diseases and their treatment sent free. Including treatises upon Liver Complaints, Torpid Liver, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, etc. Address Dr. Sanford, 162 Broadway, New York city, N. Y.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

Will send their celebrated Electro Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days's trial. Speedy cures guaranteed. They mean what they say. Write to them without delay.

KIDNEY-WORT

The Only Remedy

That Acts at the Same Time on

The Liver, The Bowels and The Kidneys

This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.

Why Are We Sick?

Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE

Biliousness, Piles, Constipation, Kidney Complaints and Diseases, Weaknesses and Nervous Disorders.

by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

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Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?
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Vegetine.

Reports from Ottawa.

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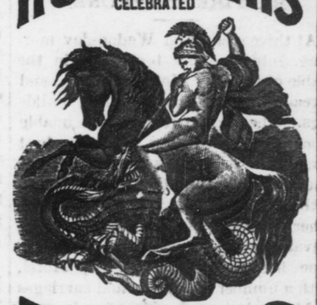

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